vol. I no. 5

SEPT. 18, 1969

View From The Bottom

HOW MUCH? 25¢

NEW HAVEN, CONN. — GOOD OL' USA — EARTH

RUFUS RUNS FOR MAYOR

Rufus is running for mayor. With that simple announcement, made today at an early morning press conference in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Shaft, Rufus ended months of speculation about his political future, and at the same time threw the New Haven political scene into chaos.

Rufus was nominated last night for the Elm City's highest office at a secret convention of the Protestors, Troublemakers and Anarchists (PTA) Party. (In a late development the Alligator Independence Movement (AIM) announced that they were also endorsing Rufus for Mayor.) PTA Party Chairman Artful Barbelli said, before the balloting was ended and Rufus declared the winner by an undisclosed margin, that "this was a free and open meeting, and we are sure the people will be delighted to see who they have chosen." When asked why only Rufus' supporters were allowed to speak at the convention, provoking a scene many political observers likened to a 'little Chicago' Barbelli flatly denied the accusation. "I chose all the speakers myself" was his simple answer.

The convention was marked by all the hoopla and fanfare we have grown to expect from sophisticated politicos. Five thousand Rufus balloons were released from the ceiling while delegates danced and paraded in the aisles. At this point representatives from the Progressive Rhetoric faction of SDS, led by the omnipresent Candy Leadhead, attempted to take over the microphone. "Where does Rufus stand on the question of the working class?" she demanded. When Rufus answered "I am in favor of workers but against class" Candy lead the PR people into a hasty retreat to commence an ideology meeting.

Rufus gave a short but succinct acceptance speech. "This is one small step for an alligator" he intoned, "and a giant leap for gatorkind." "Bullshit" answered his throng of loyal supporters.

Rufus is clearly a dark horse (*sic*) candidate on the mayorality scene. He was born in a log cabin in the Florida Everglades, the only child of an illicit relationship. His father left home the night after his conception to join an Indian reservation as a people wrestler.

Rufus was captured by alligator hunters at the age of two months and was brought to New Haven by a prominent liberal family from Westville. Banished to the New Haven sewers after he bit the hand that fed him, he took up residence at his now famous home under the manhole cover at the corner of Church and Chapel Streets.

Rufus reemerged months later, but now he was brandishing a gun. Glaring up at the mighty stores and banks that surround his home, the future candidate was heard to grumble "Revolution.... Now." Rufus then went back into his hole for more study and thought. However, during this period of seclusion he became a folk hero to the New Haven Revolutionaries and Terrorists (RAT) and became a rallying cry to the true radicals of the city.

Against this background of radical thought many are surprised to find Rufus involved in the election for mayor, but the radical reptile seems undaunted by questions about this. "It matters not who is elected" he stated, brandishing an army surplus M-16 in one hand and a copy of VFB in the other. "This city needs a new kind of leadership and I know what the heads of this city want."

When asked by an unidentified reporter, strangely attired in short hair, jacket, and tie, about his chances of being elected, Rufus answered, "Results of a random poll, taken on the New Haven Green, indicate that with hard work from my many supporters we have a good chance of winning the whole thing."

First Lady hopeful, after being caught in the alley by a VFB roving photographer exclaims, "It felt a little different but I think it'll be just what I always wanted."

Party regulars meeting in the secret convention discuss walkout by Progressive Rhetoric faction following announcement of Rufus' platform plank on class.

Party Chairman, Barbelli, takes a toke after answering newsmen's queries concerning Rufus' nomination for Mayor by the PTA party.

UNITED ?

GUIDA RUNS FOR BARBIERI

It was obvious from the beginning that this Democratic convention wasn't going to be like past ones in the city.

The oldtime regulars who sat with their Guida straw hats in the front row of the overfilled hall knew it and didn't like it. They glared at me as I passed among them in my 1958 style jacket and wide tie. They stared coldly down at the three busloads of community people (mostly under 21) brought in by Hank Parker to parade around the hall.

DiRienzo's 30 drunken stalwarts yelled into their bullhorn, Parker's legions marched endlessly around the hall and crowded the front, Daniel's demos tried to outshout Parkers', Guida's delegation sat stolidly and perplexed... and amid the tumult and the shouting Guida's acceptance speech lay quietly on the press table long before he was nominated.

Later when Guida announced in his acceptance speech "tonight the Democratic Party has made its choice in a free and open meeting," he was greeted with derisive laughter even though most of the blacks had left the hall.

It was a sham but the air was electric. Maybe it was the way Lee handled his hecklers. He had just been eulogized by boss Barbieri as having greatness in his field comparable to that shown by Mantle, Koufax, Drysdale and DiMaggio (but *not* Jackie Robinson, Mays, Aaron or Gibson) in baseball. All these ballplayers had to put up with a lot of boos in their careers. But Lee's response to one loud voice from the Daniels' section showed no class at all:

"If you keep your mouth shut I'll finish my speech."

The heckler continued.

"You go outside and I'll talk to you when I get outside."

The first real excitement came from the Parker demonstrators who jammed the front to chant after every nominating and seconding speech. It was after they caused a considerable delay following Guida's nomination that the first pigs appeared.

I was marching with a Parker sign to be in the thick of what action there was. After the Guida nomination a Parker aide told me to "tell the people to stay in the back. The cops are getting ready to pull one hell of a bust." From then on, Parker's staff co-operated with Barbieri and three cops to keep the demonstrators away from the podium and keep their chanting to a minimum.

The Farnum Court Tenant Council, a group which has organized around lead poisoning, would have no part of such a sellout. After trying all evening to get the floor, and being rebuffed by Barbieri who insisted only committeemen could speak, they burst into a chant "the people want to be heard" during the rubber-stamping of Guida.

The chant went on some time and the cops grew in number to over a dozen. The pigs pressed closer to the chanters and suddenly a violent argument developed between them and Rachmat Kartajoemena.

He was the first to be busted, manhandled, and dragged away. Almost simultaneously, a second person burst on stage, and was surrounded by four cops who grabbed him and knocked him over. Miraculously he escaped from them, lunged across the stage, knocked over the flag, reached for the microphone, and was maced in the face and dragged away.

A third person was standing on a chair leading the chanting when a pig grabbed him. If a second cop had not been on hand to restrain the first, the New Haven Democratic Convention would probably have turned into a second Chicago.

The crowd milled around the front, the pigs forming walls to clear the area around the podium. The oratory resumed as if nothing had happened, to tout the candidate for tax collector who was "very active in the student council and played three years of varsity football."

And finally, the stage was left to Guida, who among other things, pledged "the full backing of my administration to the police and other agencies who enforce the law."

And to his stolid supporters, particularly the buxom lady who carried a sign reading, "Let's launch a Guida Missile."

CR Lawn

BREAKFAST FOR PIGS

Tom Cole and Rufus Marcal

On August 19 in Berkeley, a heavily armed group of more than 20 FBI agents descended on a car carrying chairman Bobby Seale and several other brothers of the Black Panther Party. The The Feds hustled Seale off to the local pig pen where he was informed that he was being held on federal charges of "unlawful flight to avoid prosecution." Seale's attorneys were not long in posting bond, and Bobby was released by federal officials only to be turned over to local officials who held him pending arrival of a warrant from New Haven. As can be imagined, Seale must have been quite stunned to learn that he had been implicated in the "kidnapping and torture-slaying" of Alex Rackley, whose body turned up in a swamp in Middlefield in late May. Bobby was the 15th Panther charged.

It took the Justice Department henchmen almost four months to seemingly fabricate enough "evidence" to incriminate the Panther co-founder and hustle him into jail.

Seale spoke to a capacity crowd at Yale Law School Auditorium on May 19. New Haven Police, who have worked closely with feds in the past in harassing the BPP, contend that Alex Rackley was kidnapped from New York and brought to New Haven on May 16 where he was held and tortured. Police say that after his appearance at Yale, Bobby proceeded to Panther headquarters on Orchard Street where Rackley was being held. There, he allegedly gave the death order for Rackley, who the police contend was a New York informer.

According to an FBI affidavit, Seale was implicated in the case by George Sams, Jr., a former Panther who was supposedly present during Rackley's "kangeroo court" trial and murder. Sams had been arrested in Toronto several days before Seale was picked up. He was then mysteriously released (all others involved in the case have been held in custody without bond). Shortly after, police officials announced that testimony "gleaned" from Sams led to Seale's implication in the case. Seale was in custody on August 19th; on the 21st, Sams was picked up again, this time in Buffalo, by the FBI. This time they held him. It appears that Sams, who had been been sought by federal and local police on several charges was conned into signing the affidavit implicating Seale.

Seale's attorney, Francis Tiernan, has stated that the charges lodged against Bobby were set up by a special section in the Justice Department organized specifically to harass the BPP. He calls the whole thing a "fantastic conspiracy."

Interviewed in jail on August 22, Seale said, "I never saw Rackley in my life." Of Sams, he commented: "[he] is an agent. He's clearly the one who murdered Rackley." It does seem inconceivable that Seale, already under indictment for the so-called Conspiracy at the Chicago convention and under continued surveillance by the FBI, would would travel to a strange city and participate in a murder.

Bobby's arrest has simply been the latest incident, the most recent episode in a continuing campaign of harassment which the government has waged against the Panthers. Panther brothers and sisters have been hassled by the authorities wherever they have organized. As an example, the Panther headquarters in Chicago was recently invaded by a large squad of Hoover Hogs. They entered under the pretext of searching for George Sams, who, surprisingly enough, was nowhere to be found. They nevertheless confiscated a mimeograph machine and an undetermined amount of cash and checks that had been intended to be used to fund the Panther's free Breakfast for Children program.

It is now vitally important that the New Haven community, black and white, have a clear understanding of what what the Black Panthers are all about. Due to misrepresentation by the media, many false ideas are floating around. For instance, a common myth about the BPP is that their sole purpose is to terrorize and shoot up "whitey." Nothing could be farther from the truth. The establishment media covers the Panthers in such a way as to obscure the goals and aims of the Party and to play on the racist nerves of white Americans. *Yes, the Panthers carry guns. They have armed themselves for defense, defense* of those "inalienable" rights proclaimed in our Declaration of Independence and guaranteed in the Bill of Rights. Black people have been denied these rights for 400 years. (Anyone who is not yet convinced that this is true will find adequate documentation in the *Kerner Commission Report.*) If black people choose to take up arms to obtain those rights denied them, who in good conscience can call them terrorists?

In practise, the Panthers relate directly to the police and the daily brutality which black people face. Eldridge Cleaver sums up the relation neatly, "If we cannot walk down the streets in security, then you cannot walk down the streets in security."

The Black Panthers are not blind haters or racists or anarchists. They are *fighting for the liberation of their people and of all oppressed people.* "They are revolutionaries, and it is one of the tragedies of America that most of us do not know what that means.... The Black Panthers are revolutionaries because they believe in the necessity to make such deep changes in the society that they cannot be made by reformist methods, and because they seem willing to face without flinching the idea that violence may be necessary in order to bring about those changes....they believe — and many white radicals agree — that racism is so profoundly a part of America that it cannot be rooted out of the American system unless the entire system itself is changed." (Gene Marine, *The Black Panthers*)

The charges lodged against Seale are obviously part of a calculated government attempt to destroy the BPP and what it stands for. The attempt to destroy the Panthers is a clear example of what is happening and what will continue to happen to groups which present a challenge to racist America. The time is past for sitting around and muttering about oppression and police brutality; all of us must stand up and fight the injustice being dealt our black brothers.

The truth is that Bobby Seale is being framed on charges which are absurd judging by all available evidence. If the obviously fabricated charges against against Seale go unchallenged, the path to repression and government manipulation will be widened.

YOU can help all the Panthers obtain a fair trial. Organizing and attending demonstrations, picketing the court — house, and leafleting throughout the community are important ways to focus public attention on the case. As we all know, know, justice in America is expensive; contributions should be sent to the Black Coalition Defense Fund, 140 Goffe Street. Contact the Panther Office (760 Orchard Street-- 624-5475), AIM (787-0123), or VFB (865-2486) if you want to help.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

Black Panther Party Chairman Bobby Seale at a press conference the day before his arrest on August 19. On his right is David Hilliard, BPP Chief of Staff.

BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS

...For They Shall Be Busted

"The Black Panther Party no longer sees riots as a feasible means of fighting the pigs of the power structure. We feel that all people should have guns in their homes because the pigs are constantly going on to people's private property and into people's homes for illegal arrests and that people should be able to defend themselves from the pigs. As far as mass actions in the street are concerned, people must learn to stop beating pigs with rocks, trying to stop paddywagons with bricks, and start relating to .357 Magnums. Otherwise the rocks and bricks thrown by large crowds will only result in making the pigs turn into the mad dogs that

Panthers ignore police loitering on sidewalk

"The people are coming down on the pigs"

they are, resulting in a large crowd of corpses."

The statement was issued by a spokesman for the New Haven BPP, after a disturbance Sunday night in which two Panthers who were trying to avert a riot were among 20 people busted for breach of the peace, loitering, and disorderly conduct.

The near-riot ensued at the corner of Washington St. and Columbus Ave. after a fight broke out at a dance and the people running the dance kicked everyone outside. With hundreds of people gathered, the Panthers arrived and tried to cool the scene by marching the people to a park and telling them that it was silly to fight among themselves, that they should find out who their true enemies are and move in a more organized fashion. They urged everyone to go home.

But some of the people who did not accompany the Panthers to the park began pitching bricks through windows and hitting cop cars. The crowd regathered, and the Panthers' renewed efforts to disperse it with warnings that the pigs would come in and bust heads if the crowd stayed around, met with only partial success.

A fully-armed riot squad led by Chief Ahern (his parked Cadillac guarded by a pig with a dog) chased the crowd with clubs. Police grabbed those who ran up on porches and front yards, filling three vans, and chased the rest three blocks down Howard Avenue. They sprayed mace in at least one of the wagons after the people were safely inside.

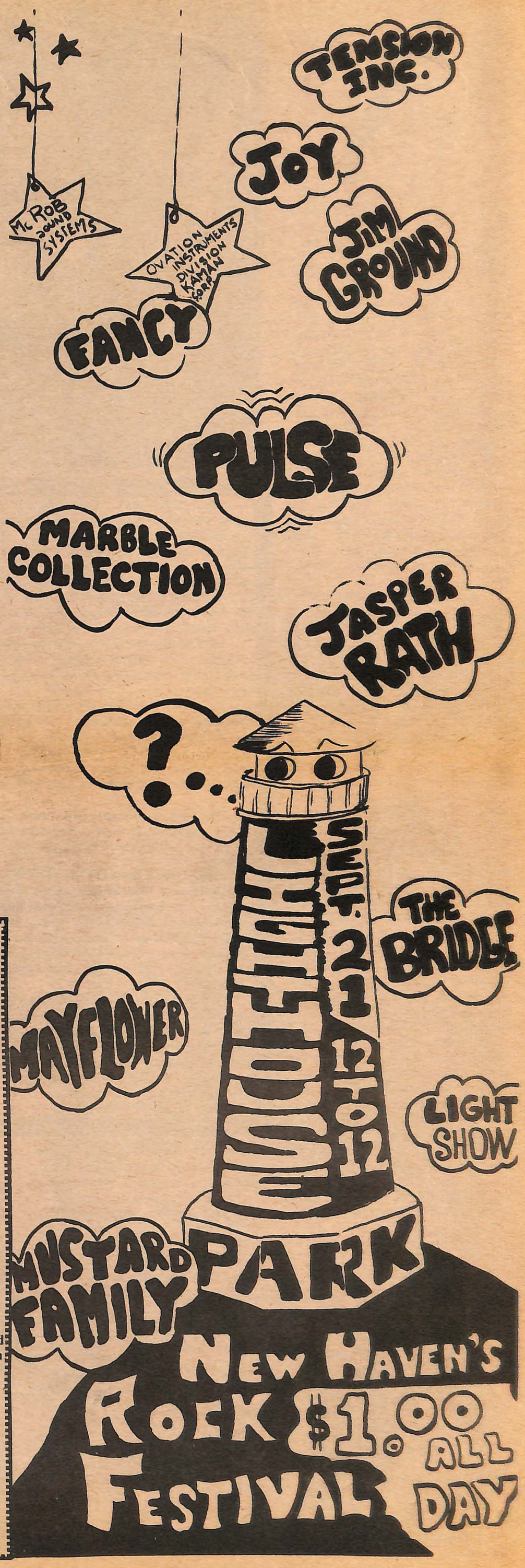
Pigs busted three Panthers at a rally Tuesday morning in front of the Court House. A Panther speaker was whisked away without warning when he called the cops "motherfuckers." He was beaten in the stomach and grabbed by the throat (he lost his voice) while being taken to the courtroom. Fifteen minutes later, a second speaker, who was out on bond after his arrest Sunday, was busted for saying, "The Panthers are organizing people. The people are going to come down on the pigs." He was also beaten in the face. Police put an end to the rally by confiscating the bullhorn, joint property of the Draft Action Group/Resistance and SDS.

The Panthers charged that the pigs stopped the demonstration because people were taking an interest in the speakers.

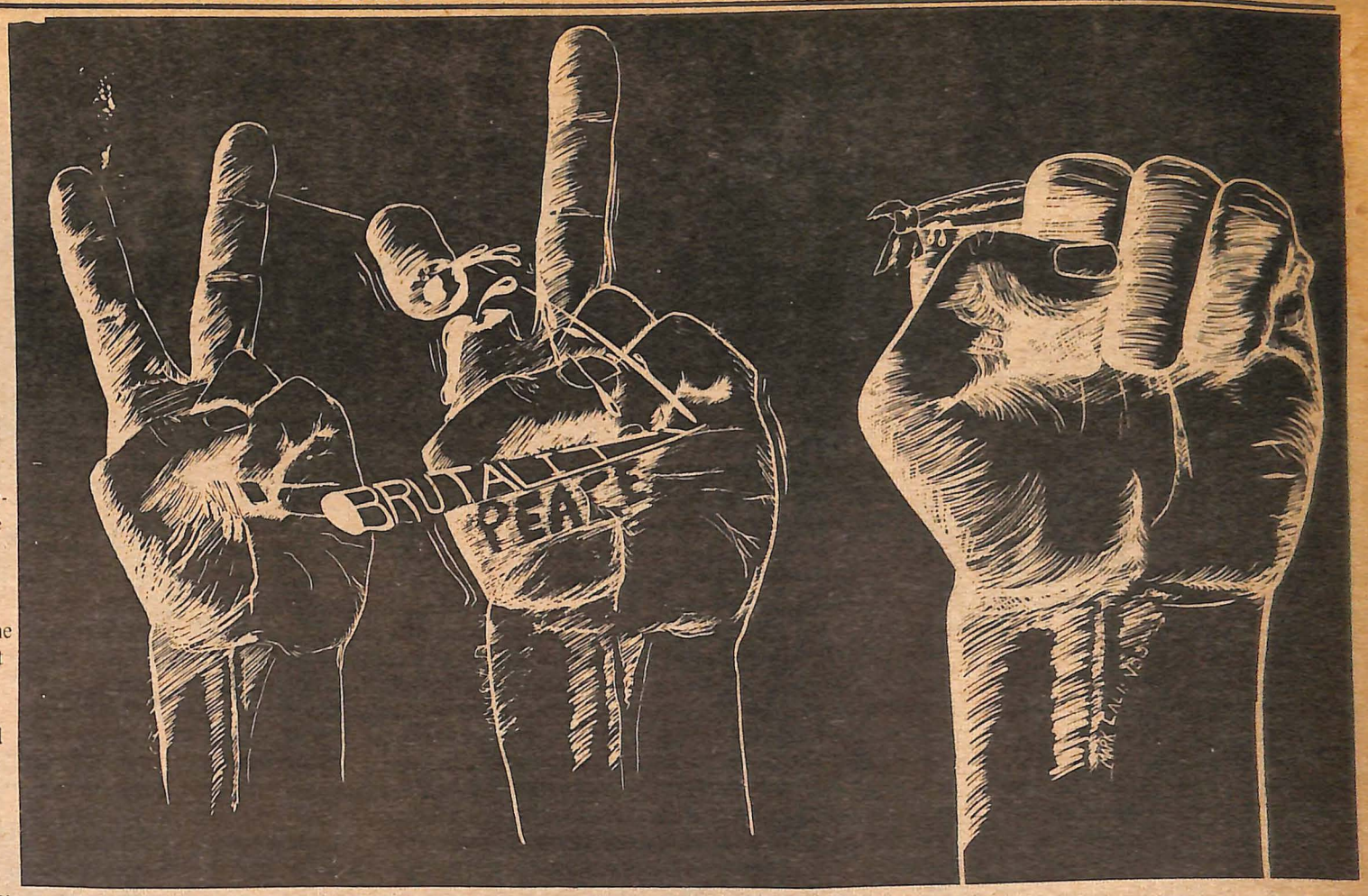
A sister was arrested inside the Court House after the rally for calling a policeman a pig.

All three were held on $200 bond and charged with resisting arrest, breach of the peace, and abusing an officer. Police dropped the more serious charge of threatening the life of an officer which they had originally slapped on the second brother.

A crowd of about 100 gathered to hear the Panthers explain what had happened Sunday night. The Panthers chanted, sang, and marched in formation, elbowing in the stomach several officers who got in the way of their procession.



BERKLEY



The history of Berkeley goes a long way back. Originally the Costanean Indians lived in the area. They believed that the land was under the care and guardianship of those who used it and lived on it.

Catholic missionaries took the land away from the Indians in the name of God. Then the Mexican government which had guns, took the land away from the Church. It drew up some papers which said Mexico legally owned the land. But the Americans were hip to that game and they too had guns, bigger guns. And so the United States took the land and forced the Mexicans to sign some different papers.

Finally the settlers came, and they received land titles in exchange for money. The land and the titles were passed from white man to white man, always in exchange for money. Recently, some very rich men, the trustees of the University of California, started buying up the land.

The Free Speech Movement started at Berkeley in 1964 to protest repressive University rules about on campus political activities. "It's dominant elements were closer to existentialism than Marx."

Existentialism continued to predominate as the hip movement in Haight-Ashbury flowered. Emphasis was placed on alternative life-styles. The most political expression of that time was the Diggers, who offered free food, clothing, and crash pads.

The political focus then turned outward toward the antiwar effort. Oct. 16–21, 1967 was Stop the Draft Week in Oakland. STDW marked a change in tactics, from passive non-violence to active self-defense. On Friday, 10,000 people held 22 blocks of Oakland against 2000 police. This was the first mass white clash with police.

STDW was essentially an all-white movement. On Oct. 28 Huey Newton, co-founder of the Black Panther Party, was charged with the murder of an Oakland pig. Radicals, both white and black, began organizing around "Free Huey."

On Dec. 6 San Francisco State was shut by a one-day strike but the administration remained in control. On the 11th, demonstrators protesting Dean Rusk's speech to San Francisco businessmen were savagely attacked by the police. The people were caught unprepared and could not defend themselves against the pigs.

On Apr. 6, 1968 Bobby Hutton and Eldridge Cleaver were gunned down by the police, with Hutton dying of his wounds. Cleaver, by this time the Panthers' major spokesman and propogandist, was returned to jail. But the Panthers were growing and gaining respect, and not only among blacks. In early 1968 the Black Panther Party formed an alliance with the predominately white Peace and Freedom Party. The alliance ran Eldridge Cleaver for President and meant a new direction in the struggle for black liberation.

During the summer of 1968, Berkeley was almost continually under martial law. In July, after cops broke up a march, people stayed in the streets, building barricades and bonfires. "We demonstrated to ourselves that we had the guts to fight . . . We demonstrated that we had the power to call the shots, if only for a brief time." But people still weren't together: a building siezure at Cal to protest Reagan not allowing Cleaver to teach a course on racism and black history quickly turned into a farce.

The winter of 1968-69 was marked by a 4½ month strike at San Francisco State, called to protest the summary suspension of George Murray, an English teacher who also happend to be the Black Panther Minister of Education. The strike was led by the Third World Liberation Front, and for the first time, whites accepted black leadership of the movement. The strike was only broken after the most repressive measures were taken by Herr Hayakawa, the new hero of the California right wing. The strike at SF State extended to Berkeley, and strikers at both schools gave their support to striking oil workers, thus perhaps initiating an alliance between students and workers. A "state of emergency" was declared in Berkeley, and that "state of emergency" was still in effect when the battle for People's Park began.

New Haven, 1969. It's getting harder to find a place to live and pay the bills which come with it. The air and water are heavy with poison. Young people are getting hassled continually by the cops. As more and more neighborhoods are destroyed, and fewer places exist where you can just sit around and meet people and have a good time without paying a fortune, the Green, the Exit, the church steps have become important places for people to call their own. And kids are being forced from them. The church may rip up the steps next year. The Exit costs lots of money. New Haven police are hovering around the Green in squad cars, telling everyone to move on.

Feeling that we have no control over our lives, we complain, talk bitterly of revolution, shoot speed or smack, drop into the Collector to try on the latest bell-bottoms, try to forget everything except that we are alienated and therefore we are hip.

Berkeley, 1969. Reagan running rampant over a once-great university, homes demolished to make a mudhole, demonstrators clubbed by cops...

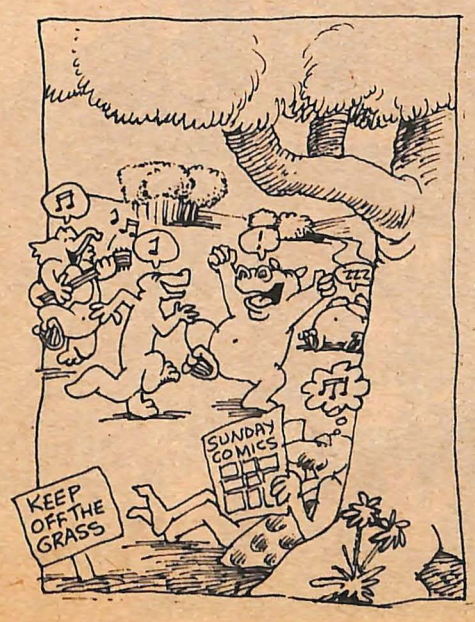
***In Berkeley they did something about it, which is why the VFB is devoting* two pages to an analysis of the Berkeley scene. People's Park may well prove a model for what will happen when people, finding their homes taken away from them and their neighborhoods destroyed, get together to build a new community.**

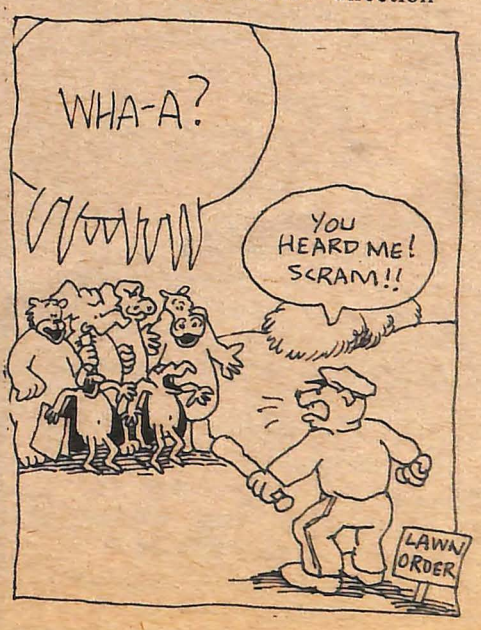
The Battle of People's Park marked the convergence of many oft-disunited worlds: turned-on dropouts, organized political leftists, young and old straights. Campus and community, young and old, student and worker came together by necessity.

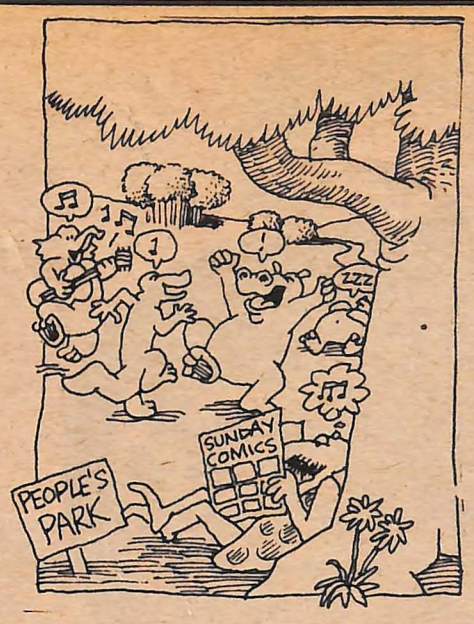
These people united in the realization of their homelessness and its causes. They had found that the sacred ideal of private property had been invoked to destroy a vital community. With that discovery came the further realization that the doctrine of survival of the fittest, the competitive ethic of capitalism, had created an environment which deprived even the most fortunate of fulfillment. The creation of a People's Park, owned by none because owned by all, was to be a socialist antidote to the system's attempt to destroy the Berkeley community.

All of us feel the influence of the Coast daily, from psychedelic graphics to clothes, music, drugs, and life-styles. What happened at Berkeley is significant because Berkeley has often proved a fount for creative actions, and therefore a precursor for what direction the movement will take henceforth. The repression at Berkeley may also be an indicator of how the system responds as the people move beyond criticism of objective realities to their replacement by alternate life-styles and structures.

New Haven, 1970?







TEN YEARS OF STRUGGLE

In the summer of 1968 the University tore down buildings on some land it owned. In place of people's homes there came a huge mudhole, sometimes used as a parking lot. While the University talked about dormitories and soccer fields and did nothing, the people of Berkeley of Sunday, April 20 began the construction of People's Park. Thousands of people used the Park daily.

But the University owned the land and they damn well weren't going to let the people have it for nothing. The University set up a committee to study the matter, but the committee's recommendation that the park be made an environmental design field research station was rejected. On Wed. May 14, local residents and students voted to protect the park against invaders and set up a committee to negotiate with the University.

As often happens, the people were a little too late. On Thursday at 4:30 AM the police evicted 100 people who had spent the night in the park and erected an 8-foot high, concrete anchored chain link fence around the park.

A noon rally to protest the University's action led to a march to the park. The police attacked the crowd with tear gas and clubs; the Alameda County sheriffs, not satisfied with that, used birdshot, buckshot, rock salt, and then real bullets. James Rector, observing the march from a rooftop, was shot in the left side by a pig and another bystander was blinded by rifle fire.

The next few days saw more demonstrations and police repression. Then on Monday, May 19, James Rector died. At a vigil called the next day, people were sealed into the campus and tear gas (CS, banned by the Geneva Convention) was liberally applied.

On May 30, 50,000 people held the largest march in Berkeley's history of the park. But instead of tearing down the fences, they held a huge street festival. The struggle continues.

Before Congress a Reagan aide described the recent events in Berkeley:

> There is substantial reason to believe that the rampant current philosophy of student revolt has been developed, tested and subcontracted to other institutions throughout the country.

"Some statistics of the confrontations since summer 1968 show what we have gone through," writes Tom Hayden, founder of SDS:

*22 days of street fighting during six confrontations
*more than 2000 arrests
*over 150 suspensions and expulsions from the University
*over 40 days of occupation by "mutual-aid" forces from other cities
*22 days of National Guard occupation during two crises
*at least 20 days of local curfew
*nearly four months of locally-declared "state of disaster" conditions, and nearly five months of state-declared "state of emergency" conditions. There has not been a "normal" period of civilian government in Berkeley this year.
*and, of course, James, Rector, and a few less-publicized blacks and hippies, killed by the pigs; artist Alan Blanchard blinded, and about 150 people shot."

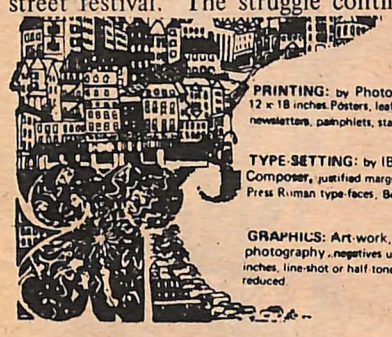
"Berkeley has been turned into an experimental laboratory for testing repressive techniques: since counter-insurgency has failed, and the use of shotguns, chemical war and aerial coordination has begun, we are quite literally risking our lives to go out in the streets. Anyone who thinks it is still a groove to live in Berkeley, or that Berkeley is a nice community with integrated schools, is out of touch with reality. Not our right to smoke dope but our right to survival itself, is at stake in this town from now on.

"Certainly this Berkeley stronghold has been crucial to the movement. A large number of radicals in one place, with a common tradition, able to intensify and extend the struggle in their own area, helps to speed up the revolutionary movement everywhere.

"Our strengths have made us hateful to bourgeois society. The local conservative forces have had it. While the Gazette calls for use of an "iron Fist" to crush us, family after family is departing Berkeley, taxes are spiralling largely because of greater police expenditures, and commercial and city insurance is impossible to obtain.

"The frustrated University is losing its liberal mask: even conventional front men (in committees on ethnic studies, Chicano affairs, architecture, and development) are leaving in protest while the University proceeds to disqualify its student government president override student sentiment, and expel "hardcore" elements.

"The University Police Department seems to have taken over Sproul Hall, and is expanding both its numbers and its search-and-destroy missions in "radical-infested" areas."



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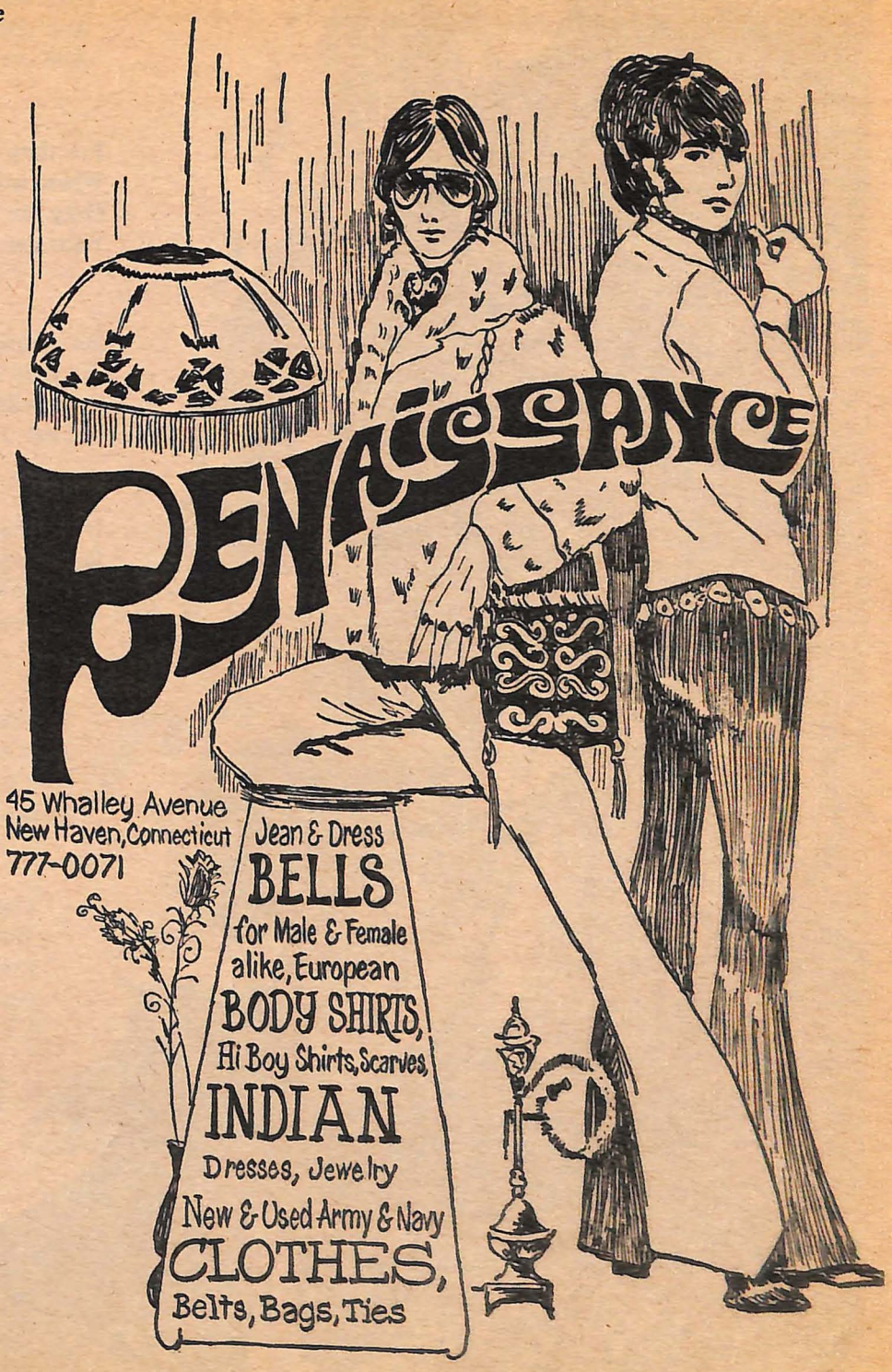
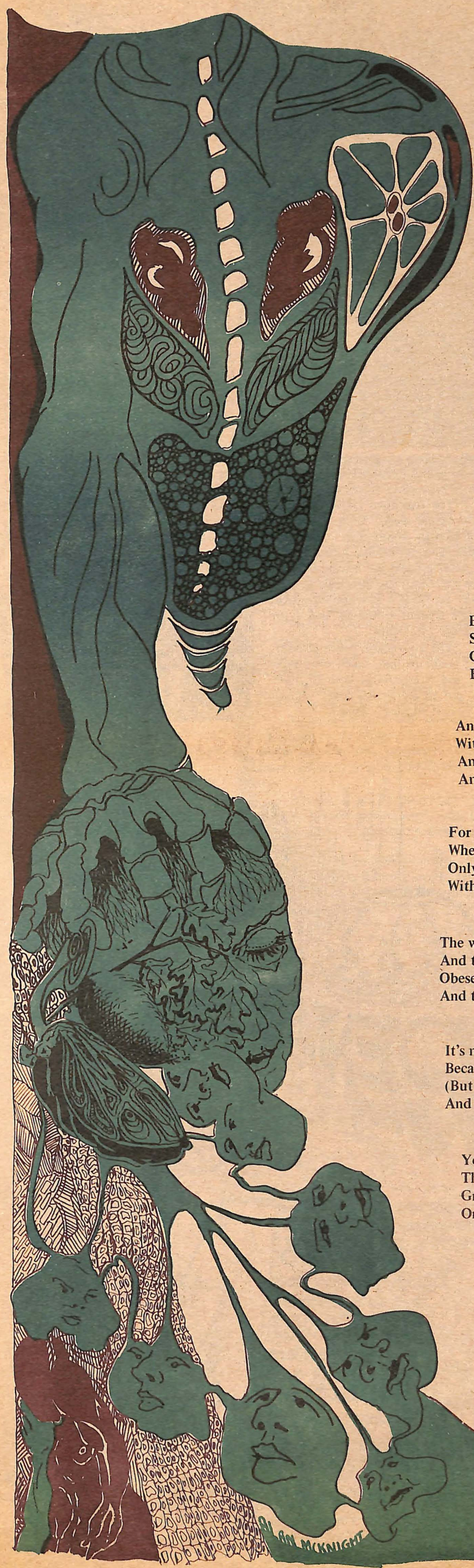


By Maria Tomaszek



CALL TO ARMS

Have you felt it
How they turn around on you
And in your apple they put
The worm?

Remember when you were a child
How the worm ate away the apple
And it got rotten
Until brown oozy juice fell out from it?

And you would kick it
Hard! until it hit against
The tree that it came from
And splattered like a bomb

With its shrapnel hitting your face
And you retched at its filthiness
Because it stuck like napalm does
And eats like acid into your face.

You ran to your mother
With the fat worm in your hand
Too disgusted to pull it out
And you can't.

But where was your mother
She never heard your cry
Only hit you for doing
Foolish things.

And now you're an older child
With different apples to play with
And you fight those fat worms
And rotten shrapnel and sticky napalm.

For they come from a place
Where worms flourish in apples
Only the apples are Far-Eastern apples
With slanted eyes and yellow skins.

The worms are grown in the fields of America
And they travel through potentates
Obese with their own crimes
And the only way you can fight it is with your words.

It's no harder when you're an older child
Because you still run in looking for your mother
(But she's changed)
And she still hits you - with a draft card.

You're still trying to pull those fat worms out
They either refuse to let you
Grip their heads
Or break in your hand gushing acid blood.

The other half
Is then left in the apple
Living there to eat up its good fruit
And replace it with rot.

You can only fight with words
And words sometimes can be bitter
But they don't draw blood
And burn faces.

When you were a child
You liked to kick rotten apples
Because they were your friends (or enemies)
Who hated you because they envied you
(But you didn't know that).

But now it's no harder when you're an older child
Because you still run looking for your mother
(But she's changed - into a machine)
And she still hits you - with a draft card.

PAX, Maria

FAIRY TALE RATED X

Cockle shells and cobbler's bells
Beckon me with their absurdity.
I want to be free!
With crutches down
And flowers to adorn
My body.
And hair flying knotted
Navel-length into my nethrs;
From my brow unto the center
Of my body that reflects the
Climax of my thoughts within the head
Bathed in that hair - God's glorious
Gift to naked man -
Placed strategically upon the cortex
Of man's spirit and the tunnels
Of his potency.

Minnows' tails and gypsy trails
I paste upon the wall of my body.
It has four corners like a room
About the Universe. You see, the
Cobbler says, as he taps upon the
sole of your head rolling in the box
Of your body, for all the good
Mermaids know that the head has
Four walls - up, down and all around.
Up receives the cobbler's hammer and
His tacks. And down holds the
Doors of the mouth that swings both ways.
All and around have arms that sweep
And encircle the Universe.
They are knotted arms reaching
Navel-length into my nethers.

India cloth and Neptune's broth
Mingle with my blood and entwine my
Hair compelling me to seek the water
Of Truth in Far-Eastern eyes,
Caucasoid noses and African lips
That dot this kingdom with dry
Outbursts of impossibilities and hopes;
Freedom and life - Anti-Life.
And salt, the treasure of man's pleasure,
To satiate his taste.
He makes haste in all he partakes
And leaves only crumbs for
The minnows' tails and gypsy trails,
India cloth and Neptune's broth,
Cockle shells and cobbler's bells;
The poor unfortunates in the
Farther-most corner of his mind.
For it is me!
I'm free!
Among the richest of all three!

PAX, Maria

ALIAS GEORGE METESKY

Revolution for the Hell of It, by Free, Dial Press ($1.95 paperback).

"In a revolution one wins or dies."
--Che

"The first duty of a revolutionist is not to get caught." *-- Free*

What is the Revolution?
Is it the "correct line" on the Black liberation struggle, back room discussions, and "Militiant Labor Forums, *The Daily World, PL, Challenge, The Militant, The Weekly People, et al,* the student-worker alliance, SDS regional conferences, resolutions of the National Committees of PLP, SWP, SLP, CP, YSA, DBC, *et al,* peace marches (strolls) up Fifth Avenue, Robert's Rules of Order, MarxEngelsLenin TrotskyStalinMao, Labor Committees, the "dictatorship of the proletariat," the vanguard party, position papers, Trots, literature tables at demos, work-ins, "ideological struggle," the Mobilization Committee, parade marshalls, permits, "trained cadres," and a "class analysis."

Or is it: Dropping Acid, Doing Your Thing, Being Your Thing, Fidel Castro, Making Love in the Park, liberating "private" property, giving Uncle Sam the finger, love, free sex, the Yippies, the Up Against the Wall/Motherfuckers, kicking Daley in the groin, LACE, communal living, free stores, flower power, the Diggers, Che, Allen Ginsberg, exorcising the Pentagon, Paul Krassner, Ed Sanders, dropping out, Lenny Bruce, the Beatles, YIP-ins, Jerry Rubin, burning money, painting FUCK on your forehead, Andy Warhol, poetry, attending mettings naked and high, BE-ins, free money, art monkey warfare, pissing on the Pentagon, alternate life-styles, festivals of life, guerrilla theatre, orgies, voting for the Pig, running away, media manipulation, invading Chicago, anarchy, ANARCHISM!

FREE (alias Abbie Hoffman, George Matesky, Casey Stengal, Spiro Agnew and Muriel Humphrey) thinks it is the latter. That's what this book is about. Beginnings of YIPPIE. The Pentagon. YIPPIE and the media. Chicago. Running away. FREEdom. Also plenty of Abbie's ego-tripping, YIPPIE lit, and a re-print of the fantastic, if out of date, pamphlet, "Fuck the System."

Unfortunately, the book costs money. It should be (has to be) free. Get it, *by any means necessary.* If you're a revolutionary, you'll really dig it. If you're not, get it anyways. You'll probably enjoy it and definately will learn something. Unless of course you're a PL-type, in which case you'll become enraged and dismiss the whole thing as a CIA plot.

Richard Adams

LACE was the love gas which Abbie Hoffman invented to levitate the Pentagon. For a while, Hoffman had the straight press actually believing in the existence of LACE. Then the Pentagon action came and went, and to all outward indications the Pentagon remained fixed in its former spot. No one believed in LACE any more.

Revolution for the Hell of it is a gigantic put on, an absurd pastiche of the unreasonable. It is impossible to believe a revolution could happen like Hoffman's.

Hoffman is an anarchist. Anarchists do not believe in structures, ideological or otherwise, which means they tolerate those whose ideologies do not tolerate alternate ideologies. Anarchism is itself an ideology--of non-ideology. Hoffman has no use for ideologies, analyses, meetings, words. Yippie! began its formal non-existence at a meeting. Abbie Hoffman wrote a book to explain why words are shit and the only thing is action. Hoffman coined the slogan that the first duty of a revolutionist is not to get caught. *Revolution for the Hell of it* is a major reason why Hoffman is now a member of the Chicago 8 Conspiracy.

Revolution for the Hell of it is a gigantic put on with more political wisdom than any other book by the American left in years. It made me laugh harder than anytime since Pigasus' nominating speech.

It has taken people two years to realize that LACE really exists and that we really levitated the Pentagon.

CR Lawn

There is more to cooking with grass than throwing it in and stirring it up. The first and foremost essential is a water pipe. Without one you will be unsuccessful, so run and invest a few dollars...it is well worth it.

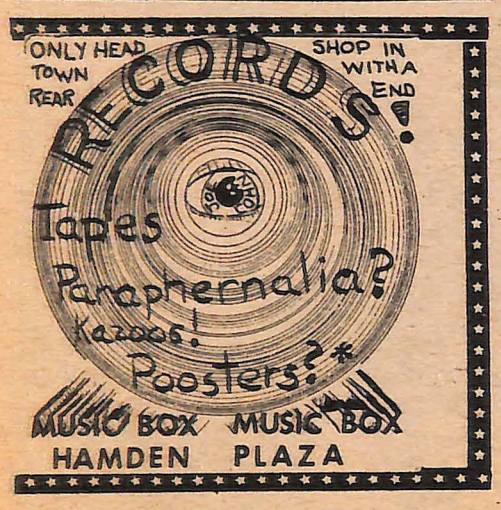
Due to circumstances, there is a shortage of grass in New Haven so hash may be substituted.... The most important element in cooking is the water left in the pipe after smoking. Not being physics majors, we only know that as the smoke filters through the water it causes it to become like liquid grass. Since we want liquid grass and not liquid dirt, the pipe should be thoroughly cleaned with hot water, avoiding the use of soap.

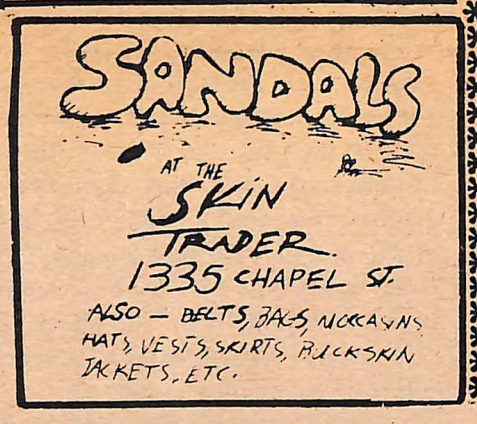
Letting the water sit in the pipe overnight also adds potency. If this is not feasible, or if it is the next day and you are not up to turning on your kitchen, pour the wonder water into an ice try and make "stoned cubes." These are great, especially in hot weather. They may be used in any kind of beverage or melted later for cooking. There are no tiny little tea leaves to give away your secret, and who has ever heard of a narc busting you for your ice cubes?

The day after a happening, there is nothing better than an alka seltzer made with chilled wonder water. For those with jobs, turn on your office.... Sneak a little wonder water into the office coffee pot and get your boss stoned. For you macrobiotics, cook rice and vegetables in wonder water. And we have found that when we are sick that Jello made with wonderwater makes illness something to be enjoyed.

In later issues we shall provide more more detailed ideas and some recipes. Meanwhile, if you have any ideas or comments, please write us, care of VFB.

Head Chefs
KP and VG





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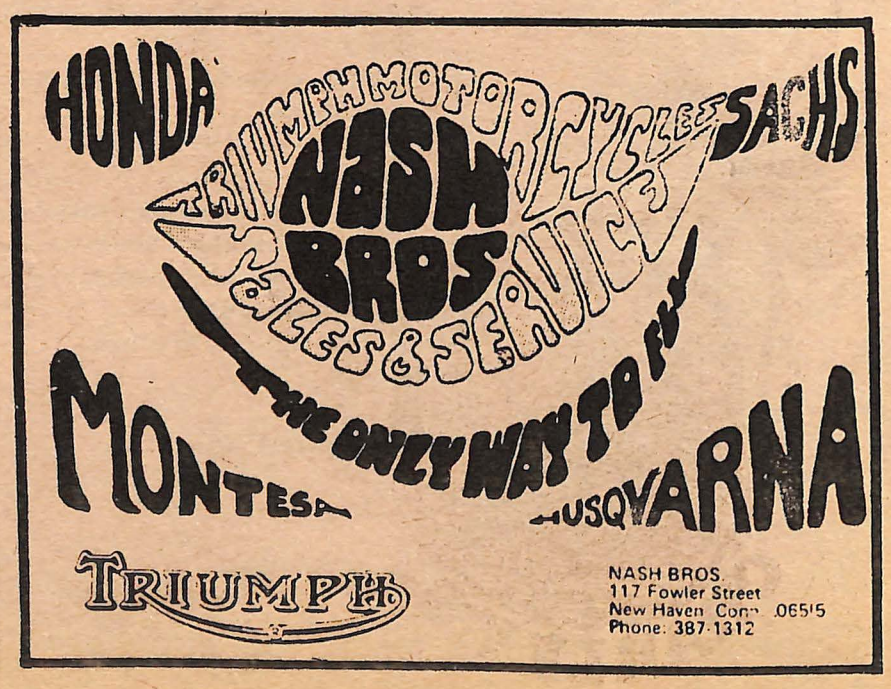

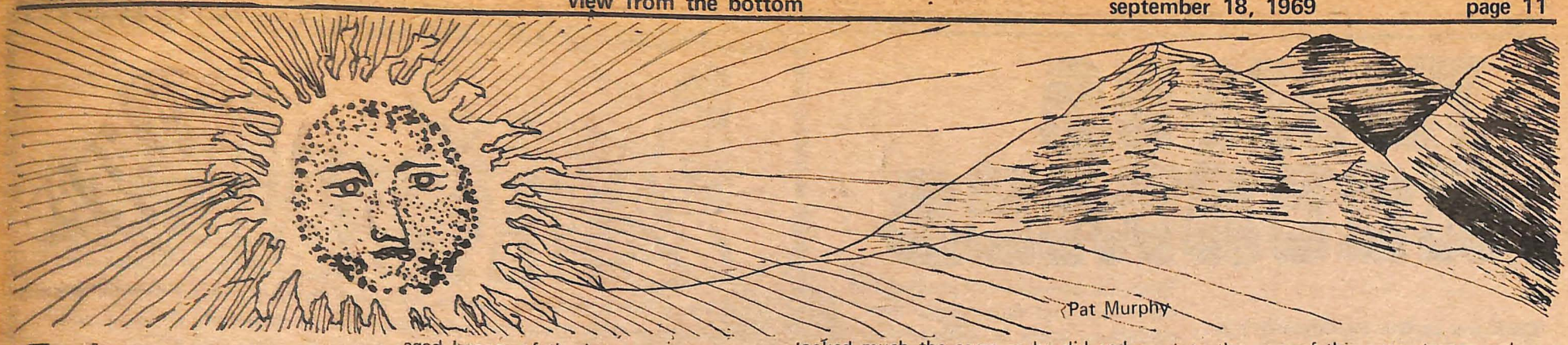

Today – Which Day

In the beginning, there came a great light that blanketed the land. Its heat warmed all the earth and brought forth foliage dense as the waters of the sea. Climbing ever skyward, daring to each out towards the Heavenly Father, it came; bearing fruit and blossoms lending a scent to the air, so sweet to the senses, that it caused the Creator to sit back and reflect upon the beauty that had been made. So pleased was He, that He sent out His favorite animals to reap the sensuous pleasures that lay awaiting only their coming.

And so they came, running wildly through the forest, stopping here and there to gape at the things that most interested them. There was the squirrel and the chipmunk, marveling at the bountiful supply of fruit and nuts; the white rabbit, dancing gleefully amidst the shrubs and greenery; while the bear sat lazily in one of the many berry bushes, gorging himself on the fruit. But most fascinating of all was the small boy, aglow in the sunlight, staring first at one thing and another and then another, trying to absorb all that caused the pleasant tingling that he felt deep in his innermost self.

He stood for hours, basking in the heavenly warmth before finally joining the others, who had already gotten together to play in their new world. They ran untiringly, deep into the forest, until they came upon the leprachaun, keeper of the golden key to the doors of Nirvana, the doors that allow for the beginning and ending of each day. And there they stayed, engulfed in the contentment of their soul; until it came time to insert the golden key and call an end to their first day of life.

As the colors began to fade from their surroundings, all of the animals slowly began to depart in search of the shelter they would call home, and the aged keeper of the key stepped behind the star-studded door, to sit in judgement at the right hand of Him who is called the Father.

And so it came to pass that all lay in the arms of their Mother World to await the dawning of the new day; save the bo[illegible] who stood in bewilderment at the chan[illegible] that had taken place. Gone was the warmth of the air, replaced by the chill of the evening wind. And gone were the colors of life, replaced by the mysterious shadows cast by the Sun Ghost, which now hung over all. Remaining alone, as a reminder of what had once been, was the scent of the blossoms of life that had become taken for granted before the closing of the doors.

Searching for the new dawn, the boy started to wander off; keeping the wind to his back to avoid the bite of the night from head-on. He walked on, looking back from time to time, wishing he could see at least a glimpse of what had been. And so he went along, the tears dripping off his flushed cheeks, until he came to the edge of the forest, from which he ventured forth into a strange new land, feeling less secure as he stepped out, but unsure why. Walking along a narrow path, beaten down by those who had come before him, he wondered what was to happen on the second day of life what was now beginning to show itself over the edge of this new horizon.

All was changed. His body, now aged just beyond puberty, was clothed. And his hair, thick as the grass of the greenest meadow, fell lazily to his shoulders, blowing lightly in the warm breeze. Where there had once been trees there were great stone pillars, reaching far into the clouds. And the once lonely dirt path was now as wide as a river, swarming with people pushing their way through the heaving crowds.

But most unusual of all was the small group of people he finally found himself sitting and talking with. They looked much the same as he did and they all seemed to feel the same sense of estrangement from this life that he felt. And so with the encouragement of his new friends, he learned ways of probing into his deepest thoughts; searching for the answers to any or all of this life's perplexing mysteries. Ten thousand light years were crammed into a single day, yet even with this new scope of the vision there were still no answers. So realizing the fruitlessness of these efforts, he decided, as the second day drew to an end, that he would go out in search of teachers who might help him to understand his position and purpose in this world.

With the song of birds and the hum of an awakening city ringing in his ears, he stood watching the sun rise over the ivy covered buildings to which he had been directed. And so it was that he started his third day of life, going to class after class, learning the customs and ideals of this complex new society, as well as gaining the knowledge necessary to control his own destiny and to be able to achieve those goals which he had been taught were most significant and valuable.

So it was that he began filling his head with ideas devedoped by his newly oriented power of reason. Therefore as the sun slowly dropped once again to hide behind the giant doors he felt confident that with his new set of values and his new knowledge, he would be capable of working his way into the core of this once strange and mysterious world.

The song of the birds was gone as the doors opened wide to allow the beaming of the Almighty's great light as it reached out and heralded the dawn of the the fourth day. It would not have been unlike that of any of its forefathers had it not retained the chill in the air that previously had been contained only in the empty nights.

As the morning's golden beams pierced through an opening in one of giant stone pillars that crowded the landscape, they came to rest on the back of our now-prominent corporate executive as he put the finishing touches on another plan designed to increase the degree of popularity and respect he felt he already had. Realizing he had appointments to keep in just a few hours, he laid his head down on his desk to catch a few needed hours of sleep before having to face the oncoming business day.

All went as expected as the day wore on. The director's meeting, where he presented his plan, lasted until early afternoon and ended in unanimous approval of the new concept. Then there was the interview, over cocktails, with the project director he had selected and the rest of the day spent dictating letters.

And as the noisy clicking of business machines was drowned out by the laughter and gaiety of the city's night life, he left for home and the comfort-

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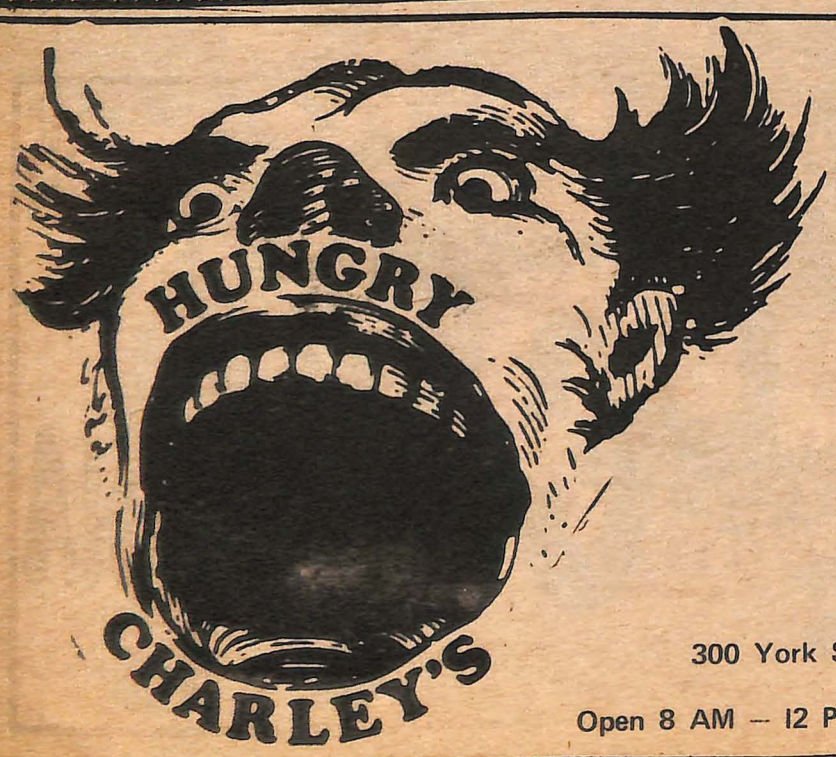

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MEDICUS AQUARIUS

Would you explain the different types of acid? Why are some cut with strychnine or rat poison and what is the effect of that?

This question provides a good take-off point for some comments on the physical dangers of LSD. Most of the scare reports about acid have focused on the idea that it causes chromosome breakage, which might lead years later to the creation of deformed babies or to cancer. These reports did not usually mention that many drugs, including aspirin, have been said to cause such breaks. The articles which appeared were not based on carefully controlled research – they mostly came from individual cases (which would be like the weatherman deciding that since it rained today, it will probably rain tomorrow). A drug expert friend of mine in Washington tells me that one of the leading medical journals is about to publish a well designed study which indicates that acid does not cause chromosome damage. People who had never used LSD were examined and then given increasing doses of acid. When their cells were examined, no changes were found in their chromosomes. It seems that in the laboratory chromosomes are very fragile and they are easily broken when they are being tested; this may have accounted for some of those earlier reports. I guess the only way to break a chromosome with acid is to drop an LSD sugar cube on its tail.

While there is no clear evidence that LSD is dangerous during pregnancy, we know that a whole variety of drugs can cause damage to the fetus (especially during the first three months). LSD is chemically similiar to certain medicines which reduce the amount of blood which reaches the uterus, with possible danger to the unborn child. Doctors warn pregnant women against the use of any medicines which aren't absolutely needed, and I think that it's fair to apply the same caution to acid. (I also think that all those Concerned Americans who worry about the effects of LSD on our nation's genes should pay attention to the ABM. In an article in September *Esquire*, a noted physicist points out that Strontium-90 from nuclear testing has already caused a marked increase in miscarriages and babies dead at birth, due to genetic damage. He demonstrates that even if the ABM system is entirely successful in knocking out a Russian nuclear strike, so that there is no immediate destruction on Earth, the Strontium-90 produced by the missiles exploding high in the atmosphere would be sufficient, in the course of the next generation, to virtually wipe out the human race.)

Although there have been two cases in which LSD has been linked to leukemia (blood cancer), a lot more research needs to be done on this before any conclusions can be drawn.

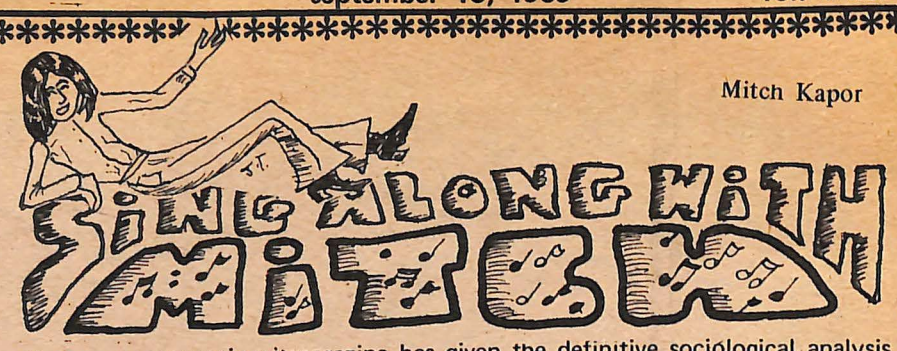
Despite the fact that there is now no clear evidence that LSD is physically dangerous, we should remember that it is a new drug. Marihuana use dates back in the Chinese literature to 2737 BC, and in 1950 the United Nations estimated that it was being taken by 200,000,000 people. Peyote (mescaline) was part of the ritual of the Mexican Indians in 1560 AD, and its use may even go back to 300 BC. The comfort which history and widespread use provides for these drugs does not yet apply to LSD.

I think that the physical hazard of LSD is currently the fact that it quite often is sold in combination forms with other, more dangerous, drugs. I have heard numerous reports of LSD being combined with strychnine (rat poison) – this may have been the Woodstock Bummer. Strychnine will cause nervous system excitement and a high feeling (one user told me that it produces "more colors, a longer trip, and screws up your head"). In only slightly greater doses it causes convolsions, coma, and death. If it wears off, there seems to be no permanent changes in the brain. Other acid combinations include speed, mescaline, STP, cocaine, chocolate chips, and strawberry flavoring (the latter two, I'm told, "help sales"). Unfortunately, there is no way you or your dealer can know what you're getting until you take the stuff. It's like psychedelic Russian roulette.

Doctor Acquarius is an itinerant New Haven psychiatrist. He welcomes your questions and comments. Write to VFB, 532 State Street, New Haven.

Join The Army Learn A Trade

PORTLAND, ORE'. (FRED) -- A bellhop looked on in amazement last week as three men in dark suits snatched a man from the eighth floor of Portland's Roosevelt Hotel, hustled him into a waiting car, put a bag over his head, and sped away. The abducted man later returned unharmed and explained that it was only a prank by some fraternity brothers. In the meantime, Portland police had searched the room and found out that the man was a lieutenant in Army intelligence. Police then checked with the FBI who ran the story down. It turned out to be nothing more than a classified mission to train army intelligence units in the abduction of civilians.



Mitch Kapor

By now every national magazine has given the definitive sociological analysis of Woodstock and its effects on everything from the Movement to Spiro Agnew. They did for the most part underplay the music. All forty hours of it.

Two relatively unknown groups really knocked me out – Santana and Mountain. Mountain is composed primarily of Leslie West (former lead guitarist of the Vagrants, N.Y.'s favorite Disco band) and Felix Pappalardi (Cream's ex-producer). Naturally enough Mountain has a heavy Cream influence, but the addition of a few original touches makes the album (and the performance) very worthwhile. It's on Windfall, Pappalardi's own label.... Santana is something else again. Three percussionists on drums, congas, and timbales. Their last number, *Soul Sacrifice,* had the entire audience of 400,000 out of their seats and dancing. The album achieves the same effect. Buy it. Stare at the cover until you see the hidden message.

Another album you shouldn't miss under any circumstances is *Fathers and Sons.* Muddy Waters reunites with two of his most successful pupils, Paul Butterfield and Mike Bloomfield, along with 'Duck' Dunn and Sam Lay. The result is pure and joyous Chicago Blues. The highlight of the live LP (recorded in Chicago at the Cosmic Joy Scouts Jamboree earlier this spring) is *Got My Mojo Working.* Buddy Miles sits in on the last half. Amazing.

Listen to these albums if you haven't already – Firesign Theatre/How Can You Be In Two Places At Once When You're Not Anywhere At All, Pacific Gas and Electric, and Flock.... Martin Tiple is not a local DJ. It's the instrument Ed Askew plays. The long-awaited album is finally out on ESP. Randy Burns also has a new release on ESP. P.S. The tiple is sort of a sophisticated ukelele.... Poison Ring Records marches on. The Pulse album is selling well.... Don't forget to Boogie (Savoy Brown/ A Step Further).... The Boogie is safer than speed. Produces the same effect though. Coming next issue-- A special on music to listen to when stoned.... Th-th-th-that's all folks.

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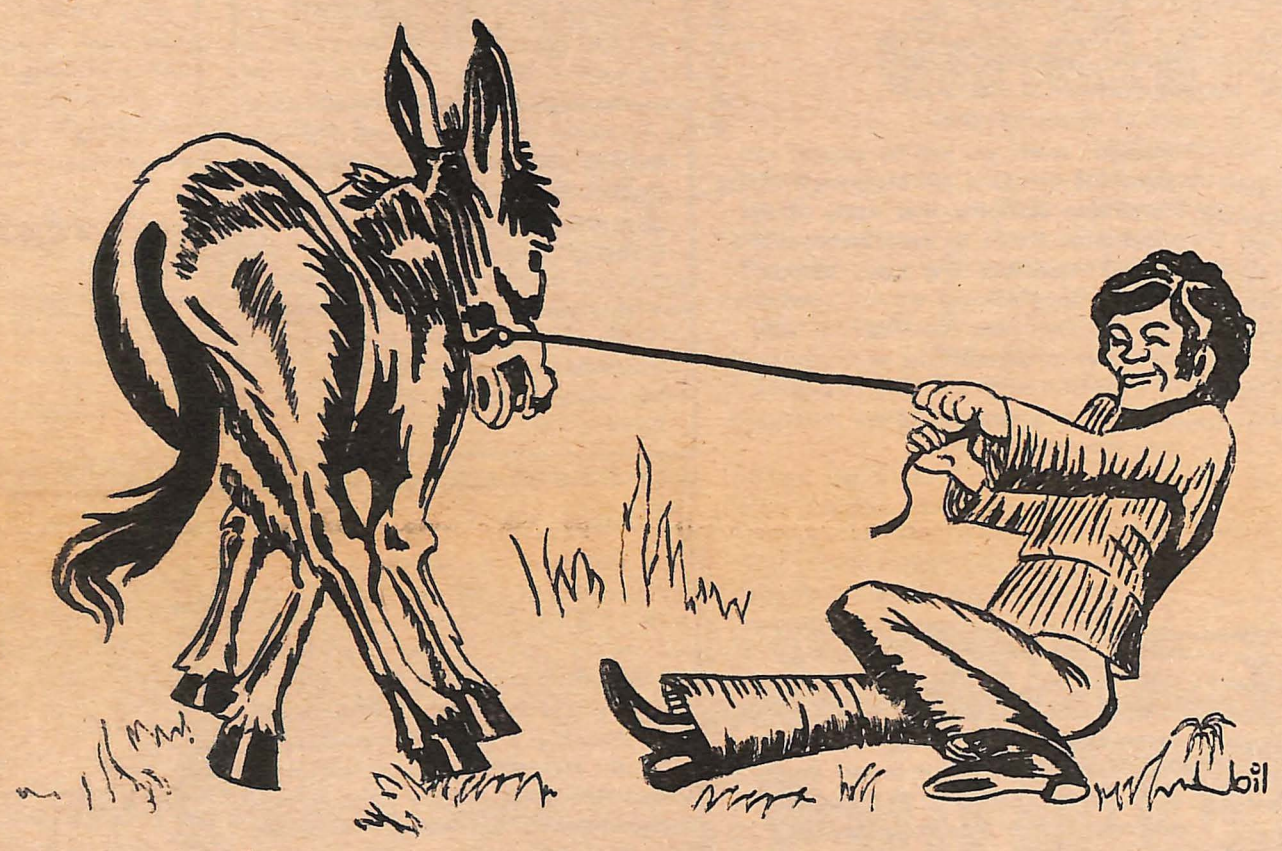

...to a record store, and get the

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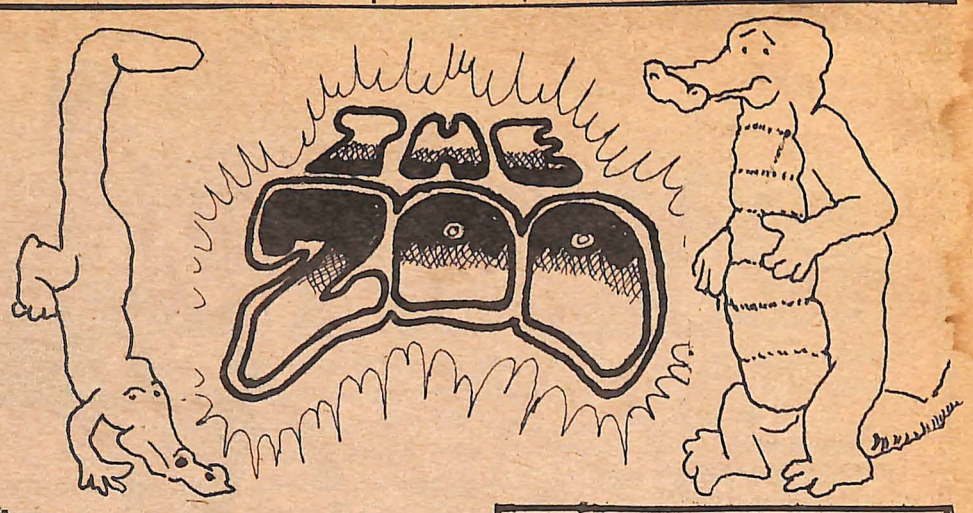

LETTERS

Dear VFB,

We the members of the younger generation, freaks, long hairs or hippies, whatever the establishment wishes to call us, it is time we got together to end this ridiculous harassment by the New Haven Police Dept. In the last issue of VFB it was printed that we had the right to sit or lay on the green without any hassles. The day after the release of this issue the cops were out telling everyone that they could be on only one section of the green. This is wrong since the green extends from Chapel Street to Elm Street and College St. to the churches on Temple St. This shows us that even the NHPD is not together and that the top officers are not even putting the word out to the patrolmen. On the same day I was selling VFB on the corner of Chapel and College from 1:30 PM to 4:30 or 5:00 without any questions from any of the cops. Between 4:30 and 5:00 PM Badge No. 86 came up to me and told me to go to the green. I replied that I had the right to sell papers; he then said either to leave or be busted. Everyone talks and worrieds about juvenile delinquency and crime, but the NHPD aren't out trying to stop it either; they would rather harass us little people sitting on the green trying to enjoy life and having a good time.

All the time people say to us get a job. When we go to apply for a job they won't have us because we have long hair. People don't like us because we don't work; we just sit around and enjoy life before it all disappears. They never stop to realize that many of the most famous men in the history of the United States had long hair. Because we have long hair we are not good workers, but what does the length of your hair have to do with the way you work? The establishment has only one point of view and if you don't follow their rules you shouldn't be alive.

I have had my car stolen and sold illegally. Do you think the cops in New Haven and in NYC where the car was sold have been any help? HELL NO. But if I were to cut my hair and put on a suit I would probably get better service. Why should I change, I pay taxes just like the other man, and I've done my time in service. How many of those other people can say the same? People will begin to get scared shortly, after seeing 500,000 of us together at one time at the Woodstock festival. What if this were to happen in half the states of the country at one time? Then the other people might open up their eyes to what is happening around them. They call us revolutionaries so lets get together like revolutionaries and put our heads together and fight for the rights that are ours, and every other oppressed person's in this country. Let's revolt if we have to, but only if we are going to make this country a better place to live and not just to gain control of the government.

Gerry Evans

Would like to sell old top 40 45's. Call Maloo at 387-1467.

WANTED: one female roommate-preferably into art/movement. Call 624-3007. Ask for Dawn.

Due to last-minute time hassles, Ed Askew's full name and his drawings were omitted in last issue's article. Sorry, Ed!

WEIRD PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS OF YOURSELF available at reasonable prices. 389-6471 6 PM to 1 AM.

My chick is coming in from Calif.; needs apartment to share. If you have one or know of one, call me. Bob 934-7049.

FOR SALE 1 army dress (new) Coat Contact Roy 865-2155.

People with crafts for sale on consignment, jewelry, pottery, clothes, beads, leather, etc. Underground Ill. Co. rt. 5 Wallingford, 269-4261.

WANTED: a groovy chick with a good sense of humor, very personable, open-minded, digs rock as well as jazz, likes sports cars, ale, no hassle. Call 469-6062 or write Box 672, NH.

Hip guys and chicks who dig rock and blues WANTED to help form a music review magazine. Call Dave at 776-2974.

OKAY LISH go ahead. See if I care. Ed.

Dear VFB,

Yesterday I got a hold of your fantastic underground newspaper. It was quite by accident – one of your guys sold me his "last." I read it last night and thought it was pretty damn good.

If you're interested my bag is the ABM System – I think it's nothing but hypocrisy and have written Nixon and Holmes Alexander, who is some national correspondent or something from Wash. D.C. That guy is pushing blind nationalism and he ticked me off.

I'm working full time now but when school starts if you need help I'll be available. Your paper is worth while and I feel you'll get much support.

Chris Tasso

Dear Friend, shalom,

I had the rare pleasure to read a copy of your publication that gave me much joy. Yet I do not agree with all of the contents, but each has a right to his or her views.

I would like to take issue with Virginia Fortino and her essay. Annie, get your gun. If there is a need for liberation, it is the same for men as well as women.

There is still economic slavery in this land. The only way to be liberated from such, would be for men and women to unite and through non-violent revolution, create a state of socialism in this country. Only free socialism is the answer to all of the evils of capitalism.

M. E. Ben Ami

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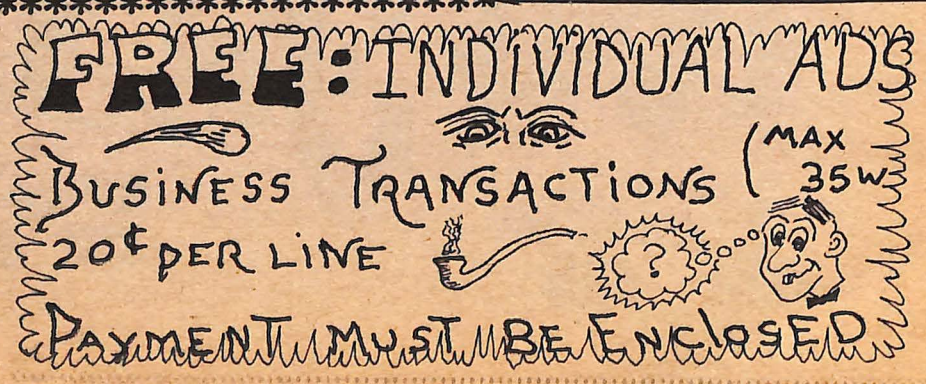
WALLINGFORD
Underground Illuminating
-Main St.
WOODBRIDGE
Designer's Gallery Litchfield Tpke.
WESTPORT
Rage Record (at Ice Cream Parlor)



Continued from p. 11

Today--Which Day

able bed he hadn't seen in too long a time. Curling up in his bed, he promised himself a well-deserved vacation and then drifted into a restless, but appreciated sleep.

Waking on the afternoon of the fifth day, he rose cheerfully; having slept uninterrupted by the usual ring of his alarm clock. Feeling very awkward with his long lost freedom once more at hand he decided to walk back down the sidewalks and paths of his faintly remembered past and just spend the day admiring the beauty that he had left behind so long ago.

And so he walked through the city he had ignored for so long, stopping at the university and the park, enraged at the changes that had taken place since he had been there last. Everywhere he went, he searched in vain for the beauty he was positive had been there in his youth. Afraid that he may spend the whole day searching in vain he started running down the path that left the city behind and led to the natural simplicity of the life that he was sure could be found in the forest of his childhood.

With the sun nearly gone from sight, he stumbled, panting for breath, to the edge of the dense green forest. Resting only long enough to catch his breath, he went charging into the dense brush, bleeding from the cuts and scrapes he got thrashing his way deeper and deeper into the forest. On and on he went, with darkness shrouding all that surrounded him.

Streaking the ground with its bright shafts of light the sun rose in all its glory to bring forth the sixth day. Rising slowly, his body torn and tattered, he looked up to see a clearing in the woods, colorful with flowers and alive with wildlife frolicking carelessly in their home as they had done for ages. Mustering his last bit of strength, he half walked, half crawled until he collapsed in the center of the clearing. And as the animals slowly started forming a circle around the torn body of what once had been a man, the keeper of the golden key descended down from atop a tree, surveyed the corpse, and then looked skyward toward the Heavens, toward the stars, toward all that man worships as holy; and with a few simple hand gestures, sent the message upward that another child may now be born. And in that unmeasurable period of neutral time that existed between the receiving of the message and the dawn *that is birth, passed the most mysterious* of the seven days.

MAC-TRIFF'S

Home of Jazz

1180 Chapel St.

Thursday	Sept. 4	Exit – Phlush Rock Band
	4-7	North Haven Fiar, Rt. 5, Washington Ave., North Haven
Friday	Sept. 5	Exit – Golden Nectar Good Time Band
	5-7	Portland Agricultural Fair, Rt. 66 and 17, Portland
Saturday	Sept. 6	Exit – Roomful of Blues
		Wilton Horse Show, Wilton
		Antique Car Show, Veteran's Park School Field, Ridgefield
		Wapping Fair, Wapping School, Wapping
Sunday	Sept. 7	Exit – Good Hill Rock Band
		Bethlehem Fair, Rt. 61, Bethlehem
Monday	Sept. 8	Exit – Poetry Reading and Original Songs
Tuesday	Sept. 9-11	Exit – Auditions and Casting for Harold Pinter's *Birthday Party*
Wednesday	Sept. 10	Exit – Bogart Flick *Dark Passage*
		Quinnipiac College – Classes Start
Thursday	Sept. 11	Exit – Blue Mist Rock Band
		New Haven College – Classes Start
Friday	Sept. 12	Exit – Folk with Cliff Haslam and Dave Kiputh
	12-14	Four Town Fair, Somers
Saturday	Sept. 13	Exit – Jim Ground Rock Band
	13-14	Terryvile Country Fair, Off Rt. 6, Terryville
Sunday	Sept. 14	Exit – Wrath of God Blues Band
		Woolsey Hall – "An Evening with Dick Gregory" 7-9PM $3.50
		American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford – "Lillian Gish and the Movies" 8:30 PM
	14-25	Quinnipiac College Library – Donald Thompson Watercolor Exhibit
Monday	Sept. 15	Exit – Flick *Mysterious Island*
		SCSC – Classes Begin
Wednesday	Sept. 17	Exit – Flick *The Pit and the Pendulum*
Thursday	Sept. 18	Albertus Magnus College – Classes Begin
		Yale University – Classes Begin
Friday	Sept. 19	Exit – Folk with Geof and Judi
	19-21	Guilford Fair, off Boston St., Guilford
Saturday	Sept. 20	Exit – Jasper Wrath Rock Band

EVENTS CONTINUING THROUGHOUT THE TWO WEEKS

Aim Coffee House open daily except Monday, Noon until Midnight, 538 State St.

Craft Show, Washington Art Association, Washington Depot (End Sept. 13)

Exhibit of Cermanic Sculpture by Nenry Gernhardt, Silvermine Guild, New Canaan (ends Sept. 17)

An Evening With Dick Gregory

A Lecture both Entertaining and Educational
also an hour of excellent Jazz

Woolsey Hall – Yale University Campus

Sunday September 7 7:00–9:00 PM

Admission – $3.50

Tickets Available at

ROBIN'S NEST
DAVIS & WALLER PHARMACIES
B & L RECORD SHOP
YALE CO-OP

Harold Lucas
865-2076

Joseph Washington
624-4310

Wallace E. Williams Jr.
562-9402

Marshall Bowe Jr.
562-9402

Presented by
Afro-American Industrial & Commercial Enterprises, Inc.

LINCOLN University 5-3015
LINCOLN at TRUMBULL NEAR ORANGE
SEEN IT YET?

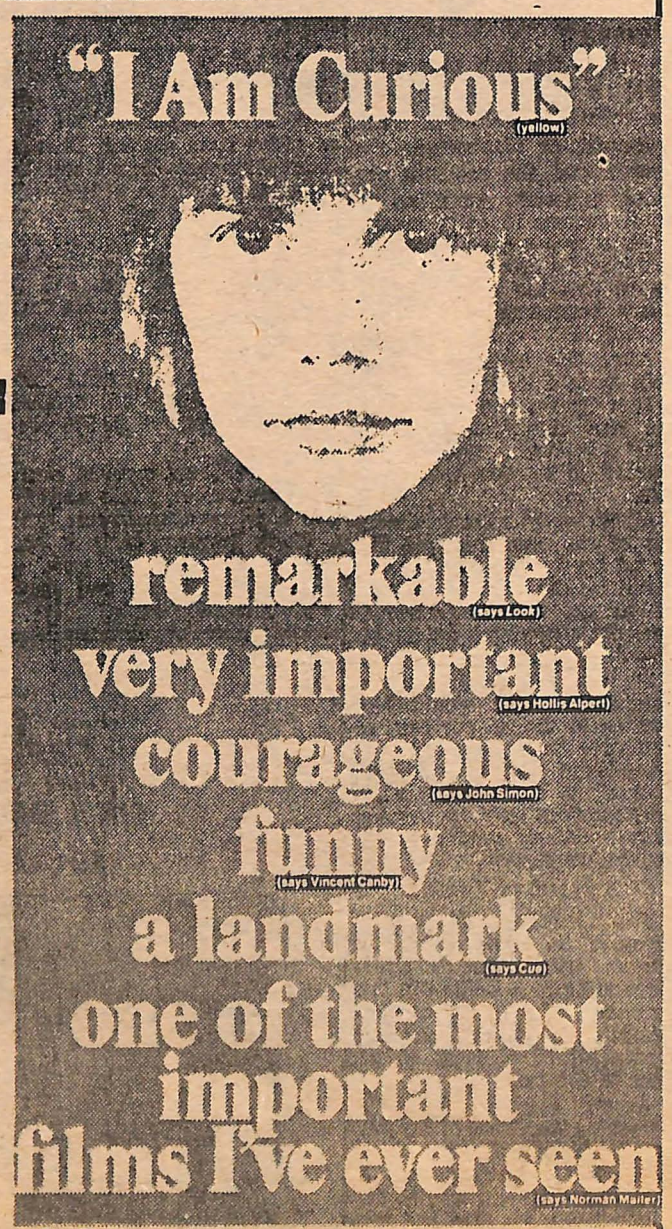
7th week
NOW

THE RUSH has now EASED

WE ARE CROWDED OF COURSE

BUT WHY NOT TRY AGAIN

Mon-Thu 2.50
Fri-Sun 3.00



The Evergreen Film presented by Grove Press stars Lena Nyman.
A Sandrews Production directed by Vilgot Sjöman.
ADMISSION RESTRICTED TO ADULTS.

RUFUS
THE RADICAL REPTILE
FOR
MAYOR

©1969 BILL CRAWFORD

FELLOW AMERICANS! I PRESENT TO YOU A TRUE PATRIOT AND A GREAT AMERICAN!

WHACK!

PIGASUS J. PIG!

OINK!

HOORAY! CLAP! CLAP! YAHOO! YEAH!

HE'S FOR LAW AND ORDER!

WITHOUT LAW AND ORDER WE FACE ANARCHY!!

WHAM!

...AND EQUALITY!

...ALL GROUPS WILL BE EXPLOITED EQUALLY!

...AND THE STATUS QUO!

YOU NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD!

HE CALLS FOR UNITY!

UNITED WE STAND! DIVIDED... UH... ER...

WE'RE IN A BUNCH OF LITTLE GROUPS!

...PROVOKING SPONTANEOUS DEMONSTRATION ON THE CONVENTION FLOOR!

PIG!

BUT A GIFT FOR ORATORY ISN'T ALL HE'S GOT GOING FOR HIM...! PIGASUS HAS CHARISMA!

...CHARM!

SMOOCH!

OH! THANK-YOU, SIR

...WIT!

...TO GET TO THE OTHER SIDE!!

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

HE HAS THE SUPPORT OF...

PIGASUS US US US

I'M PURE FOR PIGASUS!

MISS AMERIKA

...MISS AMERICA AND THE PLAYBOY BUNNIES!

BUY SOMETHING! ANYTHING! DO IT TODAY!!

...AND OTHER WORLD LEADERS!!

PIG!

VOTE PIG!

HERO

THEY'RE ALL FOR PIGASUS!

WHAT CAN A POOR CRITTER FROM AMERICA'S SWAMP-LAND DO AGAINST SUCH OVERWHELMING ODDS??

TAP TAP

YOU'D BE SURPRISED!

THE END FOR NOW!

SCENES FROM THE GREAT DEBATE!

THERE'S TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION!

PIGASUS J. PIG

TWO SIDES TO A PIECE OF FLYPAPER, TOO!!

RUFUS

WATCH FOR IT ON TV! MAYBE...